

THE SNUFF HABIT.

It Is Still Indulged in by a Great Many Americans.

A New York Tobacconist Gives Some Interesting Information About the Production and Consumption of the Article.

If the ghost of a man of Queen Anne's time could revisit this world in these days it is probable that he would not be more surprised by his descendants' advance in material achievements than grieved at the general disappearance of the snuff box, that indispensable article in the equipment of every gentleman of high fashion on which the beaux of his age and of that succeeding lavished extravagant sums. An inquiry at any tobacconist's of the old style—and there are still a few in New York—would reveal the fact that the community of the sneeze still exists among a not inconsiderable number of the moderns. If he chose to dip into the United States internal revenue statistics he would find that the yearly production of snuff in this country is large enough to insure to each inhabitant a supply of at least two ounces, the total output averaging eight million pounds. And of snuff boxes, though those of his day are now to be found chiefly in collections of antiquarians, he might yet find good store in a little Sixth Avenue shop a writer for the New York Tribune knows of; not so elaborate as his own, but offering him his choice of tortoise shell and papier mache, tastefully inlaid with mother-of-pearl; of horn (recalling Sandy's "mull") and of beechwood, the latter carved in quaint designs. He might even purchase the gold and silver receptacles if he found the right silversmith, for some of them are still made.

"We don't sell as many boxes as we used to," said the dealer, "because the snuff comes in such convenient packages," a fact which would again shock our eighteenth century ghost and convince him that he had indeed fallen upon evil days. As a matter of fact, the principal consumers, in this city, at least, are foreigners, the Irish, Germans, French and Italians perhaps constituting the largest number. In the days of the fashion there were as many brands of snuff as there are now of tobacco, but all that is changed now. The varieties most in demand are Macaboy, Lundyfoot, French, Scotch and Lotzbeck. "They don't vary much in price, except that Lotzbeck, the only imported one, is considerably higher priced. The Irish seem to prefer Macaboy, perhaps from the idea that the name has an Irish origin, but it hasn't, it is corrupted from a West India word, 'Macabao.' Another of their favorites is Lundyfoot, known also as Irish High-toast and Irish Blackguard. Lundyfoot, according to the story, was a Dublin tobacconist. Some of his snuff was being dried in the kiln was searched, and he set a tub of it outside his shop for the poor to dip up as they passed by. So many found the high flavor

pleasant that the accidental high drying made his name famous, for it was applied to the brand he afterward manufactured by that process. Curiously enough, the Germans are fondest of a French snuff known as Gambetta.

"My best customers are very reticent about their snuff-taking. Many of them say they are buying it for others, and they make all sorts of ridiculous excuses for buying. It seems to be a habit people are ashamed of, and I dare say some persons indulge it without the knowledge of their families. I have more women than men among my customers, and, yes, some of them 'dip,' men as well as women. Has snuff-taking any effect upon longevity? Well, I don't know. I lost one customer by death the other day, an old woman, who bought snuff of me for fifty-two years. I have four or five customers of thirty or thirty-five years' standing, and at least twenty who have traded with me over twenty years."

VICTORIA IS OLD-FASHIONED.

But as She's a Queen It Sounds Better to Call Her Conservative.

Queen Victoria is a remarkably conservative old lady so far as the routine of life goes. She loves old customs and doesn't like new things—not even new furniture or new fashions. "When a distinguished lady," it is said, "a few years back, sent her children by her majesty's request to Windsor, she sent them dressed as was and is still the mode, in tucked blouse dresses without sashes. But the queen considered that no child should be brought to her in other but full dress, and full dress in her mind did not exist without the smart sash she had always known. And very courteously but firmly she made objection to the little frocks, and asked that the next time the countess brought her children to her that 'she would not forget the sashes.'"

The queen, says the New York Tribune, still wears the horrible congress gaiters of thirty years ago in which her foot shows no sign of Spanish instep. Her children still address her in the way which was fashionable when they were little things. No member of the upper class ever said "Mother" then; and from the eldest to the youngest they still call the queen "Mamma."

Where Caribou Roam.

About the slopes of Mount Katahdin, in Maine, and ranging the bogs and woodlands of the country at its foot, great herds of caribou pasture upon twigs, bark and the marsh grass and moss, from which latter they will have to scrape the snow with their forefeet, as their kindred, the Lapland and Siberian reindeer, do. They are migratory animals, covering wide regions in their travels, and appearing unexpectedly in localities which, after a period, they are apt to leave with equal suddenness. A single herd recently seen near Mount Katahdin was estimated to number two hundred caribou. In size the caribou stands between the deer and the moose, and his appearance and habits are essentially those of the Arctic reindeer.

NEEDS NO PROTECTION.

England's Royal Family Moves About Without the Necessity of Guards.

The news that little Prince Edward of York numbered a detective and constable among his suite of attendants savored of the ridiculous to those who know with what absolute freedom and safety the children and grandchildren of the queen move about their own country, says a writer in St. Paul's. The queen herself drives from end to end of her various estates with no more protection than can be afforded by a middle-aged Scotch gillie. The prince of Wales, his brothers, and his son perambulate clubland and the West End in exactly the same manner as do the most ordinary of Englishmen. Indeed, the prince of Wales is scarcely ever attended by an equerry, except when he rides in the row. The princess and her daughters drive all over London entirely unaccompanied, save when in the height of the season a mounted policeman clears the road for them through the park. The duke of York takes an early morning stroll in the Green park, invariably alone, while all the royal princesses walk down Bond street, shop, or drive in hansoms without anyone either protecting or molesting them.

Apropos of police protection for royalty the prince of Wales has a funny story against himself. He was in Paris, and was strolling alone, as usual, one fine morning, down the boulevards. Stopping to chat to a friend, he commented with considerable glee on the fact that he was able to go about Paris quite at his ease, and untrammelled by guards, police, or ceremonies of any kind, and that, in fact, nobody knew him. The prince was immensely amused afterward to learn that the French government are not so careless as might be supposed, and that a large staff of espions in plain clothes watch the prince from morning till night, and that on the very day he made the boast to his friend at least a score of police were "shadowing" him at but a few yards' distance.

Use of the Toes.

An article upon evolution which recently appeared in the New York Sun referred to the tendency of the human infant to work its toes, which have at this early period of life something of the flexibility and aptitude of fingers. Examples of this aptitude perpetuated in the adult may sometimes be seen in warm weather at the New York docks aboard sailing vessels where Lascars are employed as sailors. These active little barefooted men in fezzes and suits of blue dungaree make free use of their toes in climbing the rigging, and it is an interesting sight to see one of them in tarring down a backstay run backward and forward upon the taut rope holding to it by one hand, and by his feet, in which the great toe is used in the manner of a thumb. This toe is slightly separated from the others, and from the use made of it in climbing acquires a distinctive shape suggestive of the corresponding members upon the simian foot.